Pal. Tis in our power,
(Vnleſſe we feare that Apes can Tutor's)to
Be Maſters of our manners: what neede I
Affect anothers gate, which is not catching
Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
Anothers way of ſpeech, when by mine owne
I may be reaſonably conceiv'd; ſav'd too,
Speaking it truly; why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follow̄es his Taylor, haply ſo long untill
The follow'd, make purſuit? or let me know,
Why mine owne Barber is unbleſt, with him
My poore Chinne too, for tis not Cizard iuſt
To ſuch a Favorites glaſſe: What Cannon is there
That does command my Rapier from my hip
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe
Before the ſtreete be foule? Either I am
The fore-horſe in the Teame, or I am none
That draw i'th ſequent trace: theſe poore ſleight ſores,
Neede not a plantin; That which rips my boſome
Almoſt to'th heart's,

Arcite. Our Vncle *Creon.*

Pal. He,
A moſt unbounded Tyrant, whoſe ſucceſſes
Makes heaven unfeard, and villany aſſured
Beyond its power: there's nothing, almoſt puts
Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone
Voluble chance, who onely attributes
The faculties of other Inſtruments
To his owne Nerves and act; Commands men ſervice,
And what they winne in't, boot and glory on;
That feares not to do harm; good, dares not; Let
The blood of mine that's ſibbe to him, be ſuckt
From me with Leeches, Let them breake and fall
Off me with that corruption.

Arc. Cleere ſpirited Cozen
Lets leave his Court, that we may nothing ſhare,
Of his lowd infamy: for our milke,

Will

Will reliſh of the paſture, and we muſt
Be vile, or diſobedient, not his kineſmen
In blood, unleſſe in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer:
I thinke the Ecchoes of his ſhames have deaf't
The eares of heav'nly Iuſtice: widdows cryes
Deſcend againe into their throates, and have not: *Ente*
Due audience of the Gods: *Talerius* (*l*

Val. The King cals for you; yet be leaden footed
Till his great rage be off him. *Phebus* when
He broke his whipſtocke and exclaim'd againſt
The Horſes of the Sun, but whiſperd too
The lowdeneſſe of his Fury.

Pal. Small windes ſhake him,
But whats the matter?

Val. Theſeus (who where he threates appals,) hat
Deadly defyance to him, and pronounces
Ruine to Thebs, who is at hand to ſeale
The promiſe of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach;
But that we feare the Gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terrour to us; Yet what man
Thirds his owne worth (the caſe is each of ours)
When that his actions dregd, with minde aſſurd
Tis bad he goes about.

Pal. Leave that unreaſond.
Our ſervices ſtand now for Thebs, not *Creon*,
Yet to be neutrall to him, were diſhonour;
Rebellious to oppoſe: therefore we muſt
With him ſtand to the mercy of our Fate,
Who hath bounded our laſt minute.

Arc. So we muſt;
Iſt fed this warres afoote for it ſhall be
On faile of ſome condition.

Val. Tis in motion
The intelligence of ſtate came in the inſtant
With the defier.